

MILNER

H.



R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

The Hut of the Red Mountain.

Augustus. [Stabbing Warner.] Die thou!

Act III. Scene 3.

THE
HUT OF THE RED MOUNTAIN;
OR,
THIRTY YEARS OF A GAMBLER'S LIFE:
A DRAMA,
In Three Acts,
BY H. M. MILNER, ESQ.
Author of Mazeppa, Massaniello, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the
METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :
JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

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REMARKS.

The Hut of the Red Mountain.

"BEWARE of those who are homeless by choice. Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in the same person one who loves nothing but himself." Home and its attachments are dear to the ingenuous mind—to cherish their remembrance is the surest proof of a noble spirit, of a virtuous old age, "frosty, but kindly."

We would not discard in our riper years the stories that charmed our infancy; nor part with those primitive *moralities*, Goody Two-Shoes and Mother Bunch, for all the essays on political economy that the pride and dulness of philosophy ever penned. We delight in a Fiddler's Fling, three yards a penny, full of mirth and pastime; and revel in the exhilarating perfume of those odoriferous chaplets, gathered on "sun-shiny holydays" and "star-twinkling nights," bewailing how beautiful maidens meet with deceitful wooers, and how fond shepherds are cheated by mocking damsels; how despairing swains hang themselves, and how neglected virgins drown themselves; how ghosts appear, and inflict vengeance; how disappointed lovers go to sea, and how maidens follow them in jackets and trousers! Sir George Etheridge, in his comedy of Love in a Tub, says, "Expect at night to see the old man, with his paper lantern and crack'd spectacles, singing you woful tragedies to kitchen-maids and cobblers' apprentices." "Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;" and there is an indescribable charm in these primitive chaunts that served to amuse our ancestry in the olden time:—

"Listen to mee, my lovely shepherd's joye,
And thou shalt heare, with mirth and muckle glee,
Some pretie tales, which, when I was a boye,
My toothless grandame oft hath told to mee."

"When I travelled," says the Spectator, "I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed, for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude (though they are only the rabble of a nation), which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in

all reasonable creatures, and whatever falls in with it will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and condition : ”

“ Old tales, old songs, and on old jest,
Our stomachs easiest digest.”

The Arabian Nights and the Nursery Library have proved a fortune to melodramatists. Aladdin’s Palace, a magnificent creation of art, rising and sinking with extraordinary precision, The Forty Thieves, Cinderella, Jack and the Bean-Stalk, and other “ true histories,” have alternately claimed the admiration of the town ; and though Blue Beard, from the French opera of “ *Racule Barbe Bleue*,” with Grètrey’s musick, and Delphini’s postures and grimaces, failed as a pantomime ; yet, as a *spectacle*, the music by Michael Kelly, and the dialogue by George Colman, (George pocketed two hundred pounds by it !) met with triumphant success at Drury Lane, in 1798. But, then, there was a real elephant, and one in perspective over the mountains, which latter was no other than — Edmund Kean.

The Greek word *Melodrame* might be fairly enough translated a hodge-podge drama. In Italy and France, wherever music without recitative is introduced to enforce passion, it is called Melodrame, as in the *Pygmalion* of Rousseau ; but in England the term is common to all dramas of a mixed kind, in which are frequently found tragedy, comedy, farce, and pantomime ; singing, dancing, and combatting ! In such a species of exhibition pleasure and entertainment are sought in defiance of rules.

Melodrame has always been popular in England :

Knights and dames, and goblins hairy,
Giants rude, and gentle fairy,
Mingle ! mingle !! mingle !!!

In the time of Cibber, *Pluto and Proserpine* ran a race with Betterton and Booth. Rich went to vast expense, and Garrick was obliged to crucify his taste and draw his purse-strings to meet the publick demand for this entertainment. Davy, writing to Hopkins, the prompter, complains that his mechanist cannot make a *moon*—that his *suns* are, if possible, worse—and that such d—d *clouds* were never seen siuce the fiodd ! He desires that the carpenter may knock the *rainbow* to pieces ; that the *stars* are the only things that are tolerable ! Now, nothing can exceed the verisimilitude and resplendence of

our modern *heavenly* bodies of the drama, nor the mockery and mummery of our *earthly* ones.

The fondness of the English for Melodrame may even be traced in the present popularity of certain of Shakspeare's plays—the most melodramatic being the oftener performed, as *Richard III.*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*. Nearly all our new and successful plays are highly melodramatic.

No marvel that our melodramatic Cocks *Do crow*, with a stud of horses galloping at their heels, and the publick galloping after them ! Yet can we blame the publick, when the *horses* are the better actors ? This melodramatic mania is, however, a sad pull on our popular demons, who are obliged to work double tides of fire and brimstone. Our infernal friend, O. Smith, looks blue, shrugs up his shoulders, and wonders if he shall ever live to see the day when he shall be permitted to act something *human*.

The following piece is a free translation from the French melodrame, called "*Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur*," written by MM. Victor Ducange et Dinaux, and originally performed at the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin. Its immense popularity in Paris was an earnest of its favourable reception in this country. Mr. Milner has adapted it to the English stage with considerable ability. The attention it received in what is technically termed *getting up*, and the good acting by which it was supported, procured it a long and successful run at the Coburg Theatre.

It was necessary to deviate from the French original, in order to please the taste of an English audience. Hence the omissions and interpolations. A portion of the second act has been judiciously expunged, on account of the great length of the drama, and its being so obviously and closely copied from our own tragedy of the Gamester. The incident of Warner's introduction into Amelia's apartment by means of the harp-case and rope-ladder was too puerile for adoption in the English version. The early part of the second scene in the second act is almost the same, with a scene in the "*Hunter of the Alps*," and the concluding part of that scene borders closely on the situation in "*Fatal Curiosity*."

Thus, if we steal from the French, the French sometimes condescend to return the compliment.

The most material alteration made, is that of the

catastrophe. The French drama terminates in the cottage scene: the house is struck by a thunderbolt, whilst Warner is in the act of murdering Albert: Augustus rescues his son from the conflagration, and finally surrenders himself to justice. The public have fully sanctioned Mr. Milner's alterations by their unanimous applause.

This drama conveys a wholesome moral, in a clear and pointed manner. The passion of gaming is painted in its most terrible colours—its infatuation, profligacy, punishment, and despair. The saloons of Paris and the hells of London furnish many such examples, which seldom travel beyond their polluted sphere, and meet the public eye: but those who are familiar with the secrets of these pandemoniums of vice and horror will bear witness to the truth of these appalling scenes. The blackest crime in the catalogue of human guilt may be traced to this fatal passion. No *honest* man ever made a fortune by gaming. The *winners* are among the sharpers and demirips of society, who have either served a vile apprenticeship to their infamous trade, or paid dearly for their proficiency by their ruin.

We print this drama that the moral may penetrate every corner of the empire. We print it also to show that *Henrietta Street* has not monopolized all the good pieces, foreign and domestic. By the bye, we missed a certain portion of the *Trades' Union*, Messieurs of the Club, from the late triumphal procession. We looked for them among the *translators*, the sons of St. Crispin! The following is a festive chaunt, (an exquisite lyric) intended to be sung on the occasion by Mr. Lunn, whose physionomy is peculiarly harmonious!

Three merry men, three merry men,

Three merry men are we;

Comedy, Farce, and Pantomime,

THACKERAY, BUCKSTONE, and ME!!!

THACK has the tact to translate thro' an act,

Gustavus is done to a T;

BUCKSTONE writes what Milner indites,

Except when he steals from ME!

Homer of old, and Virgil, we're told,

And Shakspeare, they say, make a THREE—

BUCKSTONE, you and I, O, and THACKERAY, are a trio—

Bravo, my lads, so do WE.

Three merry men, three merry men,

Three merry men we be;

Push round the rum, who cares for Cum—

Who cares a d—n for D. G?

Costume.

MR. DERANCE.—Morning gown and slippers—white cravat.

AUGUSTUS DERANCE.—*First dress*: Light single-breasted coat, silver frogs—short flapped embroidered waistcoat—white breeches—lace ruffles—powder bag—latchets, &c. *Second dress*: Brown body coat, steel buttons—black breeches—white waistcoat—hair dressed plain. *Third Dress*: Very ragged dark great-coat and pantaloons—old shoes—slouch hat—grey hair, &c.

WARNER.—*First dress*: Brown single-breasted coat, with frogs—white breeches—embroidered waistcoat—powder and bag—ruffles—latchets, &c. *Second dress*: blue braided frock—tights—Hessian boots—round hat. *Third dress*: Very ragged drab great-coat—old boots—hat—gray hair.

DERMONT.—*First dress*: Plain sage-coloured suit—white stockings—ruffles. *Second dress*: Plain dark brown suit. *Third dress*: Great-coat and top boots.

RODOLPHE.—*First dress*: Green single-breasted coat, steel buttons—black breeches—embroidered waistcoat—bag—wig—powder, and ruffles. *Second dress*: Blue surtout and white trousers.

VALENTINE.—*First dress*: Plain suit of livery—white stockings—powder, &c. *Second Dress*: Plain drab or gray suit—hair dressed plain.

ALBERT.—Green uniform, white facings—silver epaulets—gray trousers, &c.

MAGISTRATE.—Plain suit of black—powdered bag wig—ruffles, &c.

OFFICER and SOLDIERS.—Blue uniforms—red facings—long white gaiters—cocked hats.

BIRMAN.—Gray coat—red waistcoat—buff breeches, and boots.

GUERL.—Red jacket—drab breeches—white apron, and clogs.

GENTLEMEN, GAMBLERS, &c., as Rodolphe, Warner, &c.

PEASANTS.—Countrymen's jackets—smock frocks, &c. &c.

AMELIA.—*First dress*: White satin slip and stomacher, trimmed with white gauze, and pearl beads. *Second dress*: Blue slip, with white open robe—net quilling, &c. *Third dress*: Slate-coloured dress, very mean and shabby.

LOUISA.—*First dress*: White muslin—pink ganze handkerchief on the head—white roses. *Second dress*: Plain brown stuff—white apron—handkerchief, and cap.

MADAME BIRMAN.—Red bodice—blue petticoat—apron with pockets, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Cast of the Characters,
As performed at the Coburg Theatre.

IN THE FIRST PART, OR DAY, 1790.

<i>Mr. Derancé, an infirm old Man, on the verge of the Grave</i>	<i>1827.</i>	<i>1831.</i>
	<i>Mr. Huntley.</i>	<i>Mr. Mortimer.</i>
<i>Augustus Derancé, his Son, aged 25.....</i>	<i>Mr. Cobham.</i>	<i>Mr. Serle.</i>
<i>Warner, a professed Gambler, aged 26.....</i>	<i>Mr. Rowbotham.</i>	<i>Mr. Gomersal.</i>
<i>Dermont, a Merchant, Uncle of Amelia, aged 40</i>	<i>Mr. Meredith.</i>	<i>Mr. Porteus.</i>
<i>Rodolphe d'Hericourt, aged 22</i>	<i>Mr. E. L. Lewis.</i>	<i>Mr. King.</i>
<i>A Magistrate</i>	<i>Mr. Mortimer.</i>	<i>Mr. Maynard.</i>
<i>Officer of the Marechaussée..</i>	<i>Mr. Saunders.</i>	<i>Mr. Scarbrow.</i>
<i>Valentine, Servant to Mr. Derancé, aged 30.....</i>	<i>Mr. Andrews.</i>	<i>Mr. Sanders.</i>
<i>Banker at the Gaming-House</i>	<i>Mr. Dowsing.</i>	<i>Mr. J. George.</i>
<i>Waiter at the Gaming-House</i>	<i>Mr. Aris.</i>	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
<i>Amelia, a rich Orphan, brought up by Mr. Derancé, and affianced to Augustus, aged 18</i>	<i>Miss Watson.</i>	<i>Miss Watson.</i>
<i>Louisa, her attached Attendant, aged 35</i>	<i>Mrs. Weston.</i>	<i>Mrs. Weston.</i>

SECOND DAY, 1805.

<i>Augustus Derancé, aged 40..</i>	<i>Mr. Cobham.</i>	<i>Mr. Serle.</i>
<i>Warner, aged 41.....</i>	<i>Mr. Rowbotham.</i>	<i>Mr. Gomersal.</i>
<i>Dermont, aged 55.....</i>	<i>Mr. Meredith.</i>	<i>Mr. Porteus.</i>
<i>Valentine, aged 45.....</i>	<i>Mr. Andrews.</i>	<i>Mr. Sanders.</i>
<i>Amelia, aged 33.....</i>	<i>Miss Watson.</i>	<i>Miss Watson.</i>
<i>Louisa, aged 50</i>	<i>Mrs. Weston.</i>	<i>Mrs. Weston.</i>

THIRD DAY, 1820.

<i>Augustus Derancé, aged 55 ..</i>	<i>Mr. Cobham.</i>	<i>Mr. Serle.</i>
<i>Warner, aged 56.....</i>	<i>Mr. Rowbotham.</i>	<i>Mr. Gomersal.</i>
<i>Dermont, aged 70.....</i>	<i>Mr. Meredith.</i>	<i>Mr. Porteus.</i>
<i>Albert, Son of Augustus and Amelia, a Captain in the French Army, aged 21</i>	<i>Mr. Gale.</i>	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
<i>Birman, an Innkeeper</i>	<i>Mr. Goldsmith.</i>	<i>Mr. Sloman.</i>
<i>Guert, his Waiter</i>	<i>Mr. J. George.</i>	<i>Mr. J. George.</i>
<i>Amelia, aged 46.....</i>	<i>Miss Watson.</i>	<i>Miss Watson.</i>
<i>Madame Birman</i>	<i>Miss C. Boden.</i>	<i>Mrs. Gomersal.</i>
<i>Babel, Servant at the Golden Lion</i>	<i>Mrs. Lewis.</i>	<i>Mrs. Lewis.</i>
<i>Augusta, Daughter of Augustus and Amelia</i>		

Guests, Masqueraders, Servants, Soldiers, &c.

THE
HUT OF THE RED MOUNTAIN ;
OR THIRTY YEARS OF A GAMBLER'S LIFE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A suite of apartments in a Gaming-House, communicating by open doors with one another, brilliantly lighted and elegantly furnished—The middle one is the entrance—In the furthest Room the table is set out for the game of Rouge et Noir—In the Front Chamber, chairs, sofas, &c.*

A number of Players discovered busily engaged in the furthest Apartment ; amongst them are WARNER and RODOLPH.

MUSIC.—Warner advances into the Front Chamber, holding a handful of notes, and chinking gold in his pocket.

War. Eight hundred pounds in notes, and two hundred in gold, and an hour ago I had not five pounds. This is excellent. Gaming for ever, I say ! I have certainly given over too soon ; the run was so decidedly in my favour, I should have broken the bank.

[Throughout the scene the gaming continues in the furthest apartment ; and the Banker is at intervals heard proclaiming the events.]

Rod. [Advancing from the further Saloon.] I have no right to complain ; I have provoked my fate : the misfortune has been of my own seeking.

War. [Aside, R.] Soho ! my friend Rodolph. He has lost. [To Rodolph.] Well, my dear fellow, what's the matter ? Has fortune been unkind ?

Rod. On the contrary, she is, perhaps, showering on me her most valuable favours, in disgusting me with a pursuit which would probably conduct me to my ruin. I do not regret a sacrifice by which I have purchased a knowledge of the men I ought to avoid, and the places I ought to detest.

War. Such is the usual declaration of unfortunate players; but a single event in their favour quickly changes their tone. Come, come, do you be more of a philosopher. I'll show you a plan that—But, hold; I observe a friend of mine approaching, to whom I am anxious to introduce you.

Rod. That is Augustus Derance

War. He meets me here every night. A rare bold player, I can assure you. But I will—

Rod. No, for Heaven's sake, don't mention my name here.

MUSIC.—Enter AUGUSTUS, in great haste and anxiety, L. S. E.

Aug. Well, I am here at last. Good evening, Warner. What time is it?

War. Midnight.

Aug. So late! it is fatality. I had looked to this night to do so much for me. During the last month, Fortune has unremittingly persecuted me. You know I have lost the thousand pounds which my father gave me expressly to buy the wedding jewels for my intended wife. I have been obliged to have recourse to some family jewels, which have, like Jupiter, dissolved into this golden shower. [Showing a handful of gold coin.

War. I could have put you into a capital thing here; but no matter. You have now arms in your hands—attack Fortune with courage, and you cannot fail to chain her to your interests.

Aug. Oh, Fortune! smile on me but one half-hour, and I am at once the happiest of men, of lovers, and of husbands!

War. Go, play and win.

Aug. Do you wait for me here.

[Goes into the furthest apartment and mixes with the Players.

Rod. [Aside.] Unfortunate young man! What infatuation!

War. [Aside, writing a note in his pocket-book.] He wants a set of jewels; and, if I am not mistaken, I saw, in the hands of the old lady who drives such a roaring trade below, an article which will be the very thing for him. [Folds up the note he has written.] Here, waiter! take this note to Madam Sarabec, who lives below.

Wait. I understand, Sir.

[Exit, L. S. E.]

Rod. [Aside.] What odious plan is he now contriving?

War. [Aside.] I can turn this affair to good account. [To Rodolph.] And so you would not allow me to introduce you to my friend? So much the worse for you; he is a charming fellow, and in a short time will come in for an excellent fortune.

Rod. By what means?

War. By marriage; and a lovely little woman into the bargain. I can tell you, he is such an acquaintance as is not to be formed every day. We expect a pretty large estate when his father shall think proper to take the other step into the grave; till when, we are compelled to draw a little on futurity, and borrow on our expectations. To-morrow we touch the bride's marriage portion; and, in the meantime, I negociate the supplies. But this marriage will not always be a bed of clover. Augustus is independent and hasty; Anelia is mild and sentimental. They won't agree long; and the task of consoling her will be exquisite.

Rod. [Aside.] Miscreant!

War. Here am I chattering, whilst poor Angustus is struggling with might and main to regain the jewels he is to offer to his bride. It is necessary I should know how fortune uses him. [Retires into the back room.]

Enter DERMONT, ushered by Waiter, L. S. E.

Rod. Eternal Heaven! into what a sink of iniquity have I suffered myself to be dragged. [Looking towards L. S. E.] A stranger here! I cannot encounter a new face without blushing. By Heaven, I know him! He is a merchant of Marseilles, to whom I have been introduced, and who now corresponds with my family. He comes this way. Let me endeavour to avoid him, and keep an eye of observation on the proceedings of Angustus.

[Retires into the back room, avoiding Dermont, who in a confused manner advances to the front.]

Der. It is here, then, I am to find him; I can scarcely advance without trembling; it is the first time in my life I have entered one of these fatal abodes.

Wai. Your hat, if you please, sir.

Der. Thank you, I can hold it in my hand.

Wai. It is not the custom here, sir.

Der. Oh! then take it.

Wai. [Giving him a ticket.] You will take it again, sir, as you pass out—No. 113.

Der. And is it possible that Augustus Derancé, the son of my best friend, the chosen husband of my niece, can nightly resort here to squander his fortune and to lose his character? I must be sure of it. But it is ten or a dozen years since I saw the young man; and how am I to recognize him amidst this crowd of madmen? I do not feel courage to address any of them. [Warner returns from the back with two or three other Players, who observe Dermont, and point him out to each other.] I feel oppressed and overcome. [Sits down, R.]

War. Some country gentleman, no doubt; an entire novice. He looks both good-natured and simple. I'll endeavour to ascertain what sort of a person he really is. [Approaches him.]

Der. [Aside.] I must overcome this repugnance, and address some one. [He rises and bows to Warner.]

War. (c.) Your servant, sir.

Der. (R). Yours, sir.

War. You appear to be a stranger here, sir.

Der. You are right, sir; I am quite a stranger.

War. I guessed as much. If you propose to try the fickle goddess, I beg to offer my services and advice.

Der. Indeed, sir!

War. Yes, sir, in good faith and honour. I have taken an interest in you. May I inquire what is your favourite game—crape or roulette? for my own part, I prefer thirty and forty; the events succeed rapidly, and an attentive player—

Der. Sir, I did not come here to take any such lessons; and I think it equally mean, contemptible, and disgraceful—

[Music.—A fresh tumult arises, the rakes are brandished about, and numerous voices are heard to exclaim, “Hold! stop that madman!”]

Aug. [Struggling to force his way from the further chamber.] Do not hold me; let me destroy these excrable instruments.

Rod. [Restraining him, and forcibly leading him forward.] Madman! what are you about?

War. [Also seizing him.] Is this you, Augustus?

Der. Augustus! Merciful Heaven!

War. What has happened, my dear fellow? Has any scoundrel—

Aug. No, I can accuse no one; but I have lost all.

The money that I brought with me—the eight hundred that you lent me—and two thousand more upon credit. Why do not heaven's lightnings crumble down the walls of this infernal building on my head ?

Der. What frenzy !

Rod. Recover yourself, Augustus ! be more composed.

War. Come, come, I thought you more of a man ; and here, for a few thousands, you are driven to desperation.

Aug. Never in my life did I know the same colour to lose nine times running. I continue to double my stake —the tenth is lost ; this threw me into a fever, and I could feel my nails eat into my flesh. Still I mastered my agitation, and, smiling like one on the point of death, I stake again ; 'tis upon my word for two thousand pounds—the fatal card is turned up—scarcely dare I look upon it—my blood is stagnant with intense anxiety ;—black is pronounced again, and it falls like a thunderbolt upon my heart.

Rod. This dreadful lesson is a warning from the voice of Heaven itself. Hearken to its dictates, and renounce for ever—

Aug. Pray, sir, is it your affair ? Shall I yield to chance, because it has once the victory ? No, I will yet be master of it. Had I been more attentive to the course of events, and staked on the opposite side, I should now be worth a million.

War. Do not despair. To-morrow you will be rich ; and I am still your friend.

Der. To-morrow ?

Aug. To-morrow ! No, to-morrow my marriage will be broken off.

War. What ! your marriage broken off for a set of jewels ? No, no ; I'll take care so fine a prospect is not destroyed for such a trifle.

Aug. How mean you ?

War. I will procure you the jewels.

Aug. You ! when ?

War. This very hour.

Aug. Where ?

War. Here.

Aug. Is this in your power ? Dear Warner ! my best, my only, my invaluable friend ! I will give ten, twenty

times their value, and still look on you as my guardian angel.

War. [Aside.] He is now in my toils.

Aug. But, where to find this treasure?

Rod. [Observing Dermont.] His eyes are fixed on me.

War. Under this very roof. Below stairs resides a discreet old lady, who carries on a certain traffic, sometimes very useful to unfortunate players. She knows me well, and das confidence in me; and I observed, this very day, that she had a superb set of jewels.

Der. [Aside.] The scoundrel!

Rod. I entreat you, sir, as you value your own welfare, listen to me.

Aug. And I, sir, beg of you not to busy yourself in my concerns. Come, my dear Warner, let us hasten to accomplish this business.

[*Exeunt Augustus and Warner, followed by Rodolph, L. S. E.*

Der. I am annihilated! To-morrow this abandoned gamester is to be the husband of Amelia. Thanks be to heaven that I have arrived in time to prevent so fatal an union. Let me this moment rush—

Re-enter RODOLPH, hastily, L. S. E.

Rod. Sir, do you recollect me? You hesitate; I see you think it impossible that the son of an honest man, and an esteemed merchant, should be found in such a place; but do not repulse without hearing me. I have just overheard a plot of the most diabolical nature, which threatens your interest. If you are not a gamester, sir, I conjure you to quit this spot.

Der. Whatever errors you may previously have committed, this counsel, young man, acquires for you my confidence. I am not a gamester; my presence here is prompted by an honest motive. But let us hence; it is in an atmosphere less polluted that you should receive the friendship and the confidence of an honest man.

Rod. Ah! sir—

Der. Not a word more, but let us quit this spot.

[*Music.—A tumult is again heard.*

Enter six Gendarmes and OFFICER, L. S. E.—a party of Maréchaussé taking possession of all the outlets.

Der. Heavens! what do I see?

Offi. Let no one pass but those who give their names and address. [To Rodolph and Dermont.] Gentlemen, you cannot pass.

Rod. How, sir?

Der. Am I a prisoner?

[*Exeunt the Players, L. S. E., one by one, passing the Guards, on showing their papers.*

Offi. Sir, I must execute my orders. Diamonds to a large amount have been stolen, in a neighbouring house ; and it is suspected that they have been brought here. Unless you are known to the authorities in Paris, I cannot release you till you appear before a magistrate.

Der. I to be conducted before a magistrate. Ah ! hapless Amelia, who shall now warn you in time ?

Rod. And is it possible that you, then —

Der. Her uncle, her guardian ; I came to save her.

Rod. Give me but some testimony to the family, and I fly —

Der. To my hotel. [Giving him a paper.] Hasten, generous friend, and I shall be indebted to you for more than life. [Exit Rodolph hastily, L. S. E.

Offi. We must be gone, sir.

Music.—*Exeunt Dermont and the other Prisoners, escorted by the Soldiers, L. S. E.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of Mr. Derancé, opening by a range of French windows upon a garden, C. F. —chairs and tables—an invalid's arm-chair.*

Enter two Chambermaids, R. S. E., carrying a veil, gloves, &c.

Enter LOUISA, L. meeting them.

Lou. These will do very well. [Examining the flowers.] Put them down there.

Enter VALENTINE, L. S. E.

Lou. Ah ! Valentine, how is Mr. Derancé this morning?

Val. No better ; he is very anxious to see his son—I have twice told him of it, and I am afraid my master is getting very impatient.

Lou. Hush ! here comes my lady ; say no more, but go where Mr. Derancé sent you.

[*Music.*—*Exit Valentine, C. F., and off, L.*

Enter AMELIA, L.

Ame. Ah! Louisa, I am so glad to escape from the crowd of company ;—their compliments, their conversation, their gaiety distract me.

Lou. I can readily believe it, miss ; and when to this is added a little emotion—

Ame. I know, Louisa, that you love me, and for that reason wish to keep no secrets from you.

Lou. Yet you turn away to hide your tears.

Ame. Does it not seem to you, Louisa, that my marriage is attended with the most sinister omens? The only relation I have, Mr. Dermont, whom I expected with so much impatience, has not arrived. I hear that the life of Mr. Derancé is despaired of. What a moment is this for a festival! And then, as the principal witness of this solemn ceremony, we are to have Mr. Warner. I cannot express to you, Louisa, the abhorrence which that man inspires in me; his look of boldness both terrifies and disgusts me.

Lou. But, hark ! they come for us !

Ame. What, already ?

Lou. Yes, my lady ; you must now finish your toilette.

Ame. It is Mr. Derancé !

Lou. It is, Madam !—He can scarcely totter hither.
[To the Waiting-maids.] You may go now. [Exeunt Maids, L.]

MUSIC—*Enter MR. DERANCE, supported by two Footmen, L.—Augustus is seen in the garden—Amelia and Louisa hasten to support Derance.*

Ame. My father !

[They lead him to his arm-chair, and he embraces her.]

Der. Where is my son ! I have several times this morning inquired for him.

Ame. He shall be sent for immediately, sir—run, Louisa.

Lou. He is here, miss.

Enter AUGUSTUS DERANCE, C.F., from L.

Aug. [Aside.] Warner is not yet arrived. [Bowing to his father.] I attend your pleasure, sir. You, Amelia, are missed in the saloon ; the company are inquiring for you.

Der. Let me yet a few moments enjoy the presence of my daughter. I cannot bestow her upon you at the

altar, and this afflicts me. But it appears to me, my son, that Amelia's dress is not complete. Can you have forgotten — ?

Aug. Certainly not, sir ; but the various preparations — [Aside.] Still Warner comes not. The time was short, sir : I could find nothing ready made that suited my fancy. [Warner appears in the garden.] Ha ! he's here !

Enter *WARNER*, c. f. from L., and advances R.

[*Apart to Warner.*] The jewels ?

Wor. [*Apart to Augustus.*] I have got them. [To *Amelia*, c.] Charming Amelia ! And you, venerable sir, [To *Mr. Derancé*,] I must beg you to excuse my delay ; but I had promised my friend to be the bearer of an article, which has but this moment reached my hands.

[*Gives Augustus a casket.*

Aug. (R. c.) Deign, dear Amelia, to place the poor ornaments where they will be eclipsed by the brilliance of your charms.

Ame. [*Examining the jewels.*] How rich !—how beautiful !

Aug. 'Tis but a poor pledge of my affection.

War. [*Apart to Augustus.*] I'm sure they cost us dear enough.

Ame. See, father ! how very superb !

Der. Augustus has done as I wished him.

War. [*Apart to Augustus.*] I have promised eight hundred pounds down this very evening.

Aug. It shall be paid.

Ame. I will go this moment and invest myself with the gift of your affection.

Der. Augustus, remain a few moments with me.

Aug. Certainly, sir. Amelia, you will not be long.

[*Apart to Warner.*] It is the last sermon i shall hear ; leave us together.

[*Exeunt Warner, c. f., Amelia and Louisa, L. S. E.*

Der. You are about, my son, to be emancipated from paternal authority ; your fortune will be placed at your own disposal. But the independence you are about to enjoy is not without its perils ; gaming, that most dangerous of all passions, has, from your infancy, been the source of errors ; but you have sworn to me that the very seeds of this vice are stifled in your heart, Augustus ;—I hope you have not deceived me.

Ang. Why this doubt, sir ? If my protestations are insufficient, I swear to you——

Der. I should be ashamed to exact an oath from my son. Heaven reads your heart; it is at its tribunal you will have to answer for the happiness of Amelia. If, however, you have deceived me, or if, hereafter, again seduced by that detestable passion, you should ever own the despised name of a gamester, you would draw down on yourself the worse scourges that vice inevitably brings in its train—poverty, disgrace, crime; but my eyes would be extinguished in the tomb ere this dreadful chastisement could be accomplished.

Aug. And is it at such a moment as this, father—?

Der. Yes, my son, for it is this moment which will decide your destiny.

Aug. For heaven's sake, father!—the company approach.

Der. Augustus, embrace your father! and whilst your heart is throbbing warmly against that which so many years has cherished you—which now looks to you for the only gleam of sunshine that can gild the entrance to the tomb—no, it cannot deceive me.

MUSIC L.—Enter AMELIA, WARNER, *Ladies, and Gentlemen,*, C. F.; VALENTINE, and other Attendants.

Val. [To *Augustus.*] Sir, the carriages are waiting.

Der. Go—go, my children!—my heart and my prayers will be with you.

[MUSIC.—*Amelia kneels to him—he embraces and raises her*
—Exeunt the whole Company C. F., except *Valentine* and
Mr. Derancé

Val. Do you wish to return to your room, sir?

Der. No, I will remain here and await their return. My heart is affected, my eyes run with tears. Eternal Power! whose most blessed attribute is to be the common father of mankind, hear now a human father's prayers, it is for the happiness of his children. Oh! shower on their heads those blessings which thou alone canst give—breathe into their souls that best of joys, the joy of conscious virtue! *Valentine!*

Val. Sir?

Der. Hasten to the church, and, when the minister commences his last prayer, come back to me, that I may join my blessing on their heads with his.

Val. I understand, sir.

Der. An unaccountable anxiety, a painful presenti-

[Exit, c. v.]

ment, weighs on my spirits and stifles the joy I would fain feel spring up in my heart.

Enter RODOLPHE, looking as if seeking for some one to announce him, C. F. from R.

What stranger can this be?

Rod. (R.) Have I the honour of speaking to Mr. De-rancé.

Der. (L.) That is my name, sir.

Rod. Mine is Rodolphe d'Hericourt; I have the honour to be known to your friend, Mr. Dermont.

Der. Dermont!—Is he then arrived?—and why do I not see him?

Rod. [Presenting a letter.] This letter will explain, sir.

Der. What mystery!—it strikes like an ice-bolt on my heart. [Reads.] "My dear friend, I reached this city but yesterday; I have already discovered a most unhappy secret." What can he mean? "The whole plan of my niece's marriage must be set aside." Merciful heaven! "I implore you conclude nothing till you have heard the explanation which I am hastening to bring you. At the present moment I have time for no more. DERMONT." Sir, do you know the meaning of this? I tremble to inquire; but still I am tortured with apprehension. My son, sir, is now at the altar; the contract by this time is indissoluble.

Rod. Fatal intelligence!

Der. [Trying to rise.] If it yet be in time, all shall be prevented—all changed! Call my people—my servants!

Rod. [Supporting him.] Hold!—This public exposure—

Enter VALENTINE, hastily, C. F.

Val. It is now concluding, sir,—the most affecting ceremony—

Enter DERMONT, C. F.

Rod. Mr. Dermont is here, sir. [Valentine replaces De-rancé in his chair.] [To Dermont.] It is too late!—they are united! Conceal your discoveries.

Der. Dermont—my friend!—this fatal letter?—?

Derm. Let me implore you to forget it.

Der. Impossible! It must be explained.

Derm. If you demand it, learn, then, that this very past night, in an infamous resort—a gaming-house!

Der. A gaming-house!—Finish, I entreat you!

Rod. Not at this moment; they are returning from church. Spare the innocent wife!—spare the honour of your son!—let an eternal oblivion—

Der. No, no; I will unravel the mystery—the honour of my family, the character of my son, the happiness of Amelia, the beam of hope to brighten the blackness of despair, that else will wrap in gloom my dying hour, are at stake. My son may have deceived me; but never shall it be said that this heart, which for so many years was honesty's abode, should with its last pulsation sanction a deception.

[Music.]

Enter AMELIA, AUGUSTUS, WARNER, and Attendants, c. F.—the Attendants pay their obeisance and exeunt, R. S. E.

Ame. (R.) [Seeing her Uncle, and rushing into his arms.] Ah! my dear, dear uncle, my friend, my father—now, indeed, I am happy.

Aug. (L. C.) [Aside.] What do I see?

War. (L.) This stranger here!

Aug. Was he last night—

War. Yes; but silence.

Aug. And Rodolphe?

War. I did not invite him here.

Aug. Are we betrayed?

Ame. [Gazing on Augustus and Dermont.] But you turn away from each other—you do not speak—what means this coldness? Augustus, this is my uncle.

Aug. I think now I begin to recollect him. I regret infinitely, sir, that you did not arrive time enough to hear the vow we have just pronounced.

Der. (R.) Perhaps you ought to thank heaven he did not.

War. [Aside.] He must have spoken.

Der. (c.) Amelia, my dear child, retire a few moments.

Derm. What are you about to do?

Der. Leave us, leave us; I must speak with my son.

Ame. Ah! my father!

Aug. Remain, Amelia; I forbid you to leave the room, you have no master but myself. It is in vain to throw a veil of mystery over the outrage which I perceive has been done me. I know from what quarter this assassin's blow is struck. The author of it now stands before me. [To Rodolphe.] Yes, sir, it is from you that I shall expect an account of this.

Rod. From me, sir?

Ame. Eternal heaven!

Der. Rash boy!

Derm. Insult no one here, young man; it is I alone who—

Aug. No, sir, you would not have dared: you were in the very same place this past night; and prudence would have kept you silent.

Enter VALENTINE, *hastily*, c. F.

Val. Sir, sir, there is a magistrate at the gate, who says he must speak with you immediately.

Aug. A magistrate!

Der. Who would speak with me!

Rod. What can this mean?

War. [Aside to Augustus.] We are ruined: it is about the jewels.

Derm. Merciful Providence! I see it all. [To Derancé.] Save the honour of your family.

MUSIC.—Enter MAGISTRATE and Officers, c. F.

Mag. (l. c.) [To Derancé.] I am sorry, sir, to disturb the festive ceremony which calls you together; but my duty is imperative. May I beg of you to dismiss all strangers.

Der. (l.) There are none here, sir; explain yourself. I have ever been a foe to concealment. If any one here has departed from the principles of honesty and virtue, let the shame of guilt fall heavy on his head.

Mag. It is necessary I should do so, sir. Are not you, sir, Mr. Augustus Derancé?

Aug. That is my name, sir.

Mag. A valuable case of jewels has been stolen from a house which is under the eye of the police. The depositions of several persons arrested there prove that you, Mr. Augustus Derancé, are one of its frequenters, and that you received last night in that house, from a woman of very suspicious character, a casket, which could scarcely be supposed to belong honestly to one of her class.

Ame. What, Augustus, have you—

Aug. Silence!

Der. Can this be true? Wretched boy! You are,

then, known as a gamester, and my name is dis-honoured. Give the lie to this calumny, or I renounce you for ever.

Mag. It is impossible for him to deny it.

Aug. And why should I deny it? Am I not the master of my own actions? Am I forbidden to purchase an article that strikes my fancy? If it has been dishonestly obtained, how am I bound, how am I enabled to know it?

War. [Aside to *Augustus*.] That's right, keep firm.

Aug. In short, sir, what do you mean to infer?

Mag. You may easily conjecture, sir. Your deposition, at least, is necessary to the investigation of the matter. You will, therefore, have the kindness to accompany me to the Hall of Justice, there to be interrogated.

Der. What woful degradation! to appear before a tribunal, implicated with the vilest wretches.

Ame. Ah, sir, spare my husband; have pity on his venerable parent, now tottering on the verge of the grave, into which this blow will too fatally plunge him.

Mag. Your entreaties, madam, the tears of the venerable man, the sanctity of the tie which unites you, all operate towards inducing me to concede; but your husband must immediately restore—What do I see? Are not these very jewels which decorate you—

Ame. Ah, gracious heaven!

Aug. Amelia! [He is about to drag her away.]

Mag. Remain, madam; I recognize on your person the property which has been described to me. Those jewels are the stolen property.

Ame. [Hastily tearing off her necklaces, and casting them away.] Thus let me escape from their pollution.

War. [Seizing *Augustus* by the hand.] Don't mention my name.

Ame. Merciful Heaven! save me at least from infamy.

Derm. [Rushing to her.] My poor dear child!

Der. Hateful day! accursed discovery! I feel that it is my death-blow.

[Music.—*Exeunt Amelia and Rodolphe, R., leading off Derancé.*

Derm. [To the Magistrate.] You see, sir, the danger which threatens this reverend man's life. You do, I

presume, accuse his son of the theft. I beg of you not to require his personal attendance at this moment—I will be answerable for his appearance whenever called upon.

Mag. This assurance, sir, from a man like you, is sufficient. [To the Soldiers.] You may withdraw.

[*Music.—Exeunt Soldiers, c. F.*

Derm. [To *Augustus.*] I have till this moment, sir, remained silent. Grief, and the respect I feel for a father sinking under the load of his son's infamy, imposed it on me.

Aug. [In anger.] Sir!

Derm. Listen to me, sir: unfortunately, I have the right to command you. You cannot hope that, after the exposure which has taken place, of your vices and their dreadful consequences, I shall suffer you to remain master of the destiny of my unfortunate niece. No, the marriage which I could not prevent, but for which I feel myself responsible, cannot subsist. You shall not make a victim of my brother's child. It is my duty to protect her—to snatch her from the abyss to which you would drag her; and I will do so by dissolving your marriage.

Aug. Dissolve my marriage! You should have expected that threat with your life, were not Amelia connected with you by a tie which is your protection. By what right do you pretend to control my actions? I am master both of myself and of my fortune. This is my house; and I am at liberty to order out of it any one that insults me.

Derm. Ungrateful monster! when I have just saved you from—

Aug. When you have had the audacity to—

Derm. I am in the house of my friend; and my niece shall never be the property of a gambler.

Aug. This, sir, is too much. Leave the place, sir, or I will not answer to what excess my indignation may lead me.

Re-enter AMELIA, R.

Ame. Hold! hold!

Derm. Amelia!

Ame. Your father has recovered, and is close at hand. You know how fatal to him the slightest emo-

tion may prove ; and if he hears your voice, 'twill sound his death-knell—

Derm. Would you become the murderer of your father ?

Aug. Let that man quit my presence.

Ame. My uncle ?

Enter LOUISA, R.

Lou. Ah, madam ! Ah, Mr. Augustus ! your dying father has risen from his chair ; he totters—he drags himself along—he threatens—

Ame. [To Augustus.] Ah ! [Falls at his feet.]

Derm. The monster has no pity for his father.

Aug. Not whilst you persist in provoking my anger. Let that man leave the place, or I will —

Enter DERANCE, R., who bursts from RODOLPHE and VALENTINE.

Der. Hold, Augustus !

Aug. Heavens ! this overcomes me.

Ame. [Throwing herself at Derance's feet.] Pardon ! pardon !

Der. No ; the last accents of a dying man speak the voice of heaven. Hear them. The destiny of the gamester is inscribed on the gates of hell. Ungrateful son ! remorseless parricide ! you will be a brutal husband and an unnatural father. Play will open to you the abyss of guilt, into which you will madly plunge. Your days will be recorded but by your crimes ; and your life will end in poverty and despair.

Aug. Father !

Der. Ungrateful viper ! alien from my affection ! degenerate reprobate ! you have dishonoured my name—you have degraded my family—you have belied every principle of your education—you have turned from the path of fame and glory to the career of crime and baseness—you have ruined yourself—you have broken your father's heart—you have thrust him shamefully into the grave, on the verge of which he was hovering. Shame, grief, despair, contend within my bosom ; they rend my heart, and make its last pulsation throb with anguish : they choke my utterance ; and the last throb of nature vents itself in imprecations. Dissolute, un-

feeling monster ! take thy father's dying curse ! Ah ! that has broken the last string that held me to existence !

[Music.—*He falls—Amelia remains on her knees—Dermont endeavours to raise him—the rest gaze in astonishment and horror—Picture—the curtain falls.*

END OF ACT I.

A lapse of fifteen years is supposed to have taken place between the First and Second Acts.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment contiguous to Amelia's Bed-chamber—a door leading into it, R., another door L., and one c. f.—stage partially dark.*

MUSIC.—*The Clock strikes four—AMELIA discovered at a table, writing—two candles burned down to the sockets, indicate that she has passed the night there—she wipes tears from her eyes—after a pause, enter LOUISA, L.*

Lou. What, risen so early ? But no, I see by the candles being burnt out—[Looks into the bed-room.] It is as I suspected ; the bed is just as I left it. My lady has never lain down in it, but has been writing all night. And there she's crying again, as she always is when she is alone. Poor dear lady ! and for fifteen years this has been her life; fifteen years of wedded blessedness, during which she has never known one hour's comfort. She seems deeply engaged.

[*Busies herself about the room.*

Ame. Yes, it is my duty to try this last effort—not to save myself from the abyss ; I am the wife of a gamester, and must resign myself to suffering—but to preserve my son. Oh ! yes, yes, I will complete it.

Lou. My dear lady, I really must take upon myself to scold you well. I am your old playfellow, servant, nurse, and companion ; and will say, that it is quite enough to pass the whole day in weeping and sorrow, without spending the nights in the same manner.

Ame. It is the only time when I can calmly and deliberately contemplate my present situation. These letters, you find me so frequently employed on in the absence of my husband, are addressed to my uncle. It is the only hope I have for my son : his father must not know it. It is for this reason I write during the night, whilst he is occupied in gambling.

Lou. Gaming, gaming, always gaming ; and always with that detestable snake in the grass, Mr. Warner.

Ame. [A noise without.] But, listen. Is it he who returns ? See, Louisa ; and, if he has lost, do you remain with me.

Lou. Always, my dear lady. [Looks out.] No, it is not he ; 'tis Valentine.

Enter VALENTINE, C. D. F.

Val. Mr. Warner, madam.

Ame. You know, Valentine, that I will not receive him in the absence of my husband.

Val. I know it, madam ; but he has been here three times this morning, and has on each occasion appeared more agitated. He says, that, not being able to meet with my master, it is absolutely necessary that he should speak with you this very moment, to avoid very distressing consequences.

Ame. Ah ! perhaps Augustus has again lost, and is in despair. Tell him I will see him.

Lou. Madam !

Ame. No, no ; he has not seen my husband ; 'tis a trap he would lay for me. Valentine, forbid him to enter. And—stay. Before your master returns, take this letter, and deliver it yourself into the hands of the person to whom it is addressed. [She seals it.

Lou. Poor dear lady !

Val. [Aside to Louise, shewing papers.] I dared not show them to her. More notices, and warrants, and summonses. An execution will be put in to-day, if my master does not— [A knock without, L. U. E.

Ame. What is that, Valentine ?

Lou. It is my master, madam. He has sent away Mr. Warner, and is coming up-stairs. But I am afraid he has made a bad night of it ; for he seems in a paroxysm of anger.

Enter AUGUSTUS DERANCE, C. D. F.

Aug. Pray, madam, how long have you taken upon yourself to close my doors against my best friend—against Warner ?

Ame. I am not in the habit of receiving company so early in the morning, and in your absence.

Aug. A frivolous excuse, madam. You detest Warner, because he is my friend.

Ame. He your friend!

Aug. [To *Valentine*.] For you, sir, if you fail in your respect to him in future, you shall quit the house.

Val. I, sir! I be driven from your house! I, the faithful servant of your father, in whose arms he breathed his last!

Aug. Silence, reptile!

Ame. [Making a sign for him to be silent.] Valentine!

Aug. He must always call that to mind. [To *Louise*.] What are you doing here?

Lou. I am attending on my lady, sir.

Aug. Your lady can dispense with your attendance for the present. Leave the room, both of you.

Val. [Giving papers.] These notices have been left this morning; and, in the course of the day, the execution—

Aug. [Crumbling them up.] I defy it! Leave us.—[*Exeunt Valentine, c. d., Louisa, r.*] Fortune has this night been more adverse to me than ever. Now, no sermon, I beg; I am not in the humour to listen to it, and might reply very unceremoniously. Fortune might as easily have favoured me as opposed me. You have more than once experienced the effects of her smiles: the remains of splendour that surround us testify that we have felt them. I shall yet have my turn. But this night all my deepest calculations were defeated; all my best-laid schemes overthrown. I must have money.

Ame. Money!

Aug. Yes, money; and to-day, this very hour, or I am ruined.

Ame. I have none, Augustus. There remains now but the furniture of this house.

Aug. No, that is seized.

Ame. Then we have now nothing in the world.

Aug. I repeat to you, I must have money; and, but for the advice of your uncle, you would understand me.

Ame. Augustus, you fill me with horror. Ah! would you but deign to remove the veil from your eyes, that you might see and know your situation! For the whole fifteen years we have not known one day of peace, much less of happiness. I trace this picture, not to reproach you with my tears, but to intreat of you a fate less wretched. Let us fly—renounce play. It is your happiness—it is my life—that on my knees I implore of you!

Aug. This is about the hundredth time that I have listened to your fine harangue ; but it has yet failed to make me in love with an obscure village, a hundred or two a-year, and insignificance. No, I must have wealth, luxury, and splendour ; I have possessed them, and cannot do without them. Four thousand pounds, which is at your exclusive disposal, trust it to me but till to-morrow—it shall then be doubled.

Ame. What do you propose to me ? to sacrifice all that remains for my son ?

Aug. To-morrow, I tell you —

Ame. You would sacrifice it at the gaming-table to-day, and to-morrow my child would want bread.

Aug. Amelia, am I not your husband ? If I command it —

Ame. I am indeed an unprotected woman, dependent on your mercy. You may deprive me of life, but I will not make a beggar of my child.

Aug. You would rather see his father on the scaffold.

Ame. The scaffold !

Aug. Yes : learn, since it cannot be concealed, that, urged by want, by rage, by desperation, one day—one fatal day, when fortune pressed hard on me—I was without resource—I issued forged bills of exchange, and to-morrow — If this very evening I do not take up the bills, to-morrow, on their becoming due, the forgery will be detected, and I lost for ever. I have prepared this deed ; sign it, or before your eyes I will strike to my heart the blow of death.

Ame. Hold, hold ! Do you think I could see you mount a scaffold ?

Aug. You consent, then ?

Ame. Give it me. [*She signs it.*] In saving you from infamy, I save also my child.

Aug. [*Aside.*] She has signed it.

Ame. Take it, and destroy the proofs of your guilt ; all I ask of you, in return, is to renounce play.

Aug. For ever, dear Amelia.

Re-enter VALENTINE, C. D. F.

Aug. Valentine, prepare the great saloon ; let it be splendidly decorated ; I give a party this evening.

[*Exit Valentine, c. d. f.*

Ame. A festival, at such a moment !

Aug. It was necessary to conceal my real circum-

stances. All our acquaintance are invited. We shall have both a concert and a ball. Do not fear the expense: in an hour I will be loaded with gold. Adieu, dear Amelia!

Ame. For Heaven's sake, take up the bills.

Aug. Yes, yes; there's plenty of time for that. [Aside.] This shall first be doubled; I lost too much last night to be unlucky this morning. Warner is waiting for me; I must hasten to him. Adieu, Amelia! Look to the preparations.

[Exit, C. D. F.]

Enter LOUISA, C. D. F.

Lou. What can have happened, my dear lady? you seem all in a tremble; and yet my master went out smiling with joy.

Ame. I have completed the sacrifice, and my wretched child will be a beggar.

Lou. I guess what has happened.

Re-enter VALENTINE hastily, with a letter, C. D. F.

Val. Just as my master went out, madam, a man, whose features are not unknown to me, but whom I could not recollect, slipped this letter into my hand, and begged me to deliver it to you immediately.

Ame. I tremble so, I can scarcely open it. Perhaps it announces some new misfortune. Heavens! what do I see? It is from my uncle—he is at hand. Merciful Providence, I thank thee! thou hast sent me a protector.

Enter MR. DERMONT, C. D. F.

Derm. Amelia!

Ame. [Throwing herself into his arms and bursting into tears.] Oh! my dear uncle. [Exeunt Valentine and Louisa.]

Der. Ah! Amelia, I see too plainly that the worst which I foretold is come to pass.

Ame. I am indeed very wretched; and if you abandon me, I have only to die.

Derm. Abandon you! never, but cheer up, Amelia, I will be your protector—you must not hesitate; your fate must no longer be bound up with that of Augustus; the tie must immediately be broken.

Ame. Do not proceed—how little, uncle, can you read my heart; abandon my husband in his hour of

misery and peril; is that what I swore at the foot of the altar? No, had he rendered my life happy, I should have bless'd heaven; he has filled it with bitterness—I must submit to my fate, and be linked with his even to the tomb.

Derm. What, then, is it you expect of me?

Ame. I am a mother. Can you not understand my tears? they are for my son.

Derm. Explain what you wish.

Ame. I possess nothing—I expect nothing but abject poverty—and what hand will then—

Derm. Enough; I understand you. Let me see your son.

Re-enter LOUISA, C. D. F.

Ame. Louisa, fetch Albert hither. Ah, what do I hear?

Lou. It is my master's voice, madam; he is returned and is gone into the saloon.

Derm. I must depart instantly—I cannot meet the man who drove me from his house. We shall meet again, Amelia; you can send to me at Rodolph d'Hericourt's! Your husband is here, adieu.

Lou. Stay, sir, you cannot avoid him, he is coming into—

Ame. Then remain where you are, uncle.

Derm. Not for the world.

Lou. If the gentleman would just step in there.

Derm. That chamber——?

Ame. Is mine.

Derm. Yes, I will even descend to this, to avoid the presence of a man, whom I cannot look upon without abhorrence.

[*Exeunt Dermont into Amelia's chamber, R. D., Louisa, L.*

Re-enter AUGUSTUS, followed by VALENTINE, C. D. F.

Aug. [Giving a purse.] Let my orders be attended to; I wish every thing to be of the most magnificent description. Do not spare the money, for I have plenty. [Exit Valentine, c. d.] What, Amelia, not at your toilet yet.

Ame. Have you taken up the bills?

Aug. Oh! there is twenty-four hours yet for that. Let us now think of the fête; it will be a most brilliant thing. A masked ball—charming women—all the opera dancers disguised.

Ame. (R). Speak lower.

Aug. (c). What are you so afraid of—why are you every moment looking towards that room?

Ame. I—I don't look towards the room.

Aug. You are agitated, Amelia. Is any one there?

Ame. Louisa and Albert.

Aug. Why are you so pale, then—you have some secret. What is it, Amelia—I will discover it.

Ame. [Holding him.] Oh! no, Augustus.

Aug. You tremble—Amelia, did the slightest shadow of suspicion ever cross my mind, you know not to what excess my fury would carry me.

Ame. For mercy's sake, Augustus —!

Aug. I will know all. [He is rushing up to the door, R., when Dermont appears.] Dermont here!

Ame. In the name of all I have done for you, offend him no more.

Aug. What motive brings you here, sir; and what do you desire?

Derm. I desired, sir, to see the daughter of my brother, to ascertain by my own observation how nearly her fate approximates to that which I foretold. I am not deceived, you have kept your promise. As to you, sir, I had hoped never to infringe the oath which I made never to see you again. Your unjust suspicions, ready to break out into violence, made me forget it. I have no more to say, sir. [Going.

Ame. Will you not detain him?

Aug. No.

Derm. [On reaching the door, turns and embraces Amelia.] Mild and noble victim, sink not under the weight of your chains; remember that you have a child—a father who watches over you. Adieu. [Exit, C. D. F.

Aug. [In anger.] This, madam, is too much; I have endured his insults, but you shall learn at what price. I forbid you ever to see him again.

Ame. Your ingratitude will at length break the chain which binds me to you—he is the only friend I have in the world; your disinherited son has no other protector, and him you would tear from us.

Aug. Yes, because he despises me, and because you learn from him to hate me.

Ame. Learn to hate you. Oh! Augustus, little do you know of the heart of either of us.

Aug. Silence! some one comes; dry up your tears.

Enter WARNER, C. D. F.

War. Good day, Augustus! Madam, permit me to express my devotion.

[*Is about to kiss her hand, but she withdraws it.*

Aug. I rely on Amelia to do the honours, and be the ornament of the festival.

Ame. I shall endeavour to obey you, sir, to dry up my tears, and smile on your friends.

[*Exit into the chamber, R.*

Aug. Well, Warner, after I left you, did you follow up my run of luck?

War. Oh! it changed immediately. I staked a few times and lost four hundred.

Aug. A trifle!—I won considerably above a thousand pounds. However, I had reckoned upon your winnings to take up those abominable bills; we must not let them be presented to-morrow.

War. But was not your wife's money intended to take them up?

Aug. Certainly; and I have got the money, with the exception of a hundred or two that this entertainment will cost. But if I pay it all away, we have then nothing left to go on with; whereas, in our hands, the sum may soon be doubled.

War. No doubt; and you are expected. We shall meet very strong at midnight; there will be the Russian Prince, and a good deal of money sported; knowing that you were in cash, I promised that you would be there.

Aug. Well; but my party?

War. Oh! your wife will do the honours.

Aug. It must even be so; for we must go. To part with this money before fortune has multiplied it—no, not if I am crushed beneath her wheel. We'll divide the sum; each shall take half. [*Giving notes.*] There are seventeen hundred pounds; I keep as much. Tomorrow morning, by six, we must meet again, and with our winnings we will take up the bills and destroy the forgeries.

War. Hush!—Some one comes!

Enter VALENTINE, C. D. F.

Val. A good deal of company has arrived, sir.

[*Exit Valentine, C. D. E.*

Aug. I will attend immediately.

War. Recollect that you are expected at midnight.

Aug. I shall not fail, depend upon it.

War. Till to-morrow, then—

Aug. Till to-morrow, farewell!

[Exit *Augustus, R., and Warner, C. D. F.*

SCENE II.—*Amelia's Bed-chamber—in the back an elegant bed—on each side a window, a door, R. and another, L.—toilette, sofas, chair, and a table.*

MUSIC.—Enter LOUISA, L. D., and lights the candles on the toilette.

Lou. What can have happened to induce Mr. Dermont to pay my mistress a visit at midnight. I do not know whether I am doing right; but this is the only place into which I can introduce him privately—all the apartments are full of company. Valentine will conduct him by the little private staircase. Let me listen for them. [Two taps at the door are heard.] They are here. [She opens the door.]

Enter VALENTINE, introducing MR. DERMONT, L. D.

Derm. I must beg of you to call my niece hither—lose not a moment!

Lou. I will fetch her, sir. [Aside.] Some fresh calamity, no doubt. [Exit, R. D.

Derm. It is impossible to conceal from her the dreadful blow which is about to overwhelm them. Poor Amelia!—And the infatuated wretch still pursues his fatal propensity, when chains, and perhaps a scaffold, awaits him.

Enter AMELIA, introduced by Louisa, R. D.—*Louisa crosses and exit, L. D.*

Ame. My uncle here! What can bring you to this spot at midnight? What new calamity do you come to announce to me?

Derm. Augustus is destroyed, unless he seeks safety in flight.

Ame. And I, alas! know not where to find him.

Re-enter LOUISA hastily, L. D.

Lou. Madam, a stranger, who says he comes from Mr. Dermont, requests to speak with you immediately.

Derm. Don't be alarmed, it is my friend Rodolphe d'Héricourt; permit him to enter. [Exit *Louisa*, L. D.] I begged of him to come to me with any information he could collect.

Re-enter Louisa with Rodolphe, L. D.—Rodolphe places his hat on the chair, R.

Lou. The gentleman is here, sir. [Exit, L. D.]

Rod. I have to entreat your pardon, madam!

Derm. My niece is apprised of the motive of your visit. What intelligence have you procured?

Rod. There remains but one moment for Mr. Derancé to escape from justice. An order is already issued for his apprehension, and the officers are now in search of him.

Ame. What can be done?

Derm. You must take shelter with me. Your Albert is already my son by adoption; take you the only measure which prudence dictates!—Terminate this period of suffering!—Abandon—

Ame. My husband?—Never, never!

Re-enter LOUISA, L. D.

Lou. Ah! madam, madam! what have I heard? It is whispered on all sides of the saloon, that the officers of justice are in pursuit of my master.

Derm. No doubt the truth has transpired.

Ame. Listen!—What noise is that?

Rod. You must secure your house!

Derm. Yes; but you must not again appear;—it is I who must dismiss your dangerous friends!

Re-enter VALENTINE, L. D.

Val. It is unnecessary, sir; the fatal report has sufficed to disperse our guests.

Derm. So much the better; we may thereby avoid exposure, my good friend, while we prepare every thing for the flight of Augustus; you, my dear niece! in this dreadful emergency, can be of no assistance, keep yourself shut up in your apartment. If Augustus comes here, let him hasten to Rodolphe's;—his person once in safety, we will next endeavour to redeem his honour.

Ame. Save!—Oh, save my husband!

Derm. If providence has not already fixed the hand of punishment, I will. You, Rodolphe, remain here.

[Exit Dermont, L. D., and Rodolphe, R. D.—Louisa taking the candles, R., and Valentine, L.

Ame. At length, then, it is come!—the dreadful moment of waking from the dream! Ruined!—dishonoured!—subject to infamy and death!—and whilst here, in an agony of terror, I wildly look for him, he is revelling amidst the accomplices of his crime. Merciful heaven, when will my torments end? Oh! why did I not first expire?

[She goes towards the door to open it, but faints in a chair near the toilette.

Enter AUGUSTUS, bursting open the door, L.

Aug. No one here! All dark—all silent! And yet I thought I heard voices!—I must have been mistaken! Amelia is, no doubt, at rest. She is yet ignorant of the ruin and the danger that involve me. Had not a lucky chance disclosed it to me, I must have been lost for ever! Warner, too, to abandon me in so critical a moment; and, by a fatal chance, I have again lost. Relentless, persecuting destiny! Flight is now my only resource;—instant flight! And must it be alone? No, no! I have not strength to support my misfortunes without the angelic consolations of Amelia! She has ever been dear to me; I am sure that she loves me still—that she will accompany me whithersoever fate may drive me. I must disturb her slumbers. [In approaching the bed he touches Rodolphe's hat, who has left it on the chair.] What is this? A hat! Great heaven! Whence can it come? It is not mine! Some one must have entered here! And now, I recollect, the door was closed;—I heard voices which ceased when I spoke. Mystery of hell! must I discover it at this fatal moment—at the moment when misery overwhelms me? Am I thus betrayed? But woe to the traitors!—the fury that devours me must be quenched in their blood! Amelia! Amelia! Ah! she's here!—cold!—senseless!—dying! Amelia!

Ame. [Recovering.] My husband! [Stage gradually lights.

Aug. It becomes you well, madam, to boast of your virtues—to condemn my vices. You! traitress!—adulteress! who take advantage of ruin to consummate your perfidy, your accomplice shall perish before you!

He is still here ; but he shall not quit the room with life ! The key of this chamber !

Ame. I have it not ; but, if you value your own safety, fly !

Aug. Fly you, if you value life.

[Bursts open the door, R., and exit—*A tumult within—Augustus rushes back with a pair of pistols, followed by Rodolphe.*

Aug. I will hear no explanation !—I will have vengeance.

[Forces a pistol into Rodolphe's hand, and fires at him with the other—Rodolphe falls.

Re-enter DERMONT and VALENTINE, hastily, L. D.

Derm. Fly ! unhappy man, fly ! Ha ! what have you done ?

Aug. Avenged myself upon a villain ! [To Amelia.] You, traitress ! must share my fate.

[Music—Dermont and Valentine hasten to the assistance of Rodolphe—Augustus takes up Amelia, who has fainted, in his arms, and is bearing her towards the door—Louisa is struck with horror—The drop falls quick on the general Picture.

END OF ACT II.

A lapse of fifteen years is supposed to have taken place between the Second and Third Acts.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Yard of an Inn, open to a high road—a fence running across the back with a Wicket-gate, c.—the house distinguished by the sign of “The Golden Lion,” R. S. E.—the entrance to a Cellar, L. 3d E.—tables, benches, stools, &c., R. and L.—several Peasants drinking.*

MUSIC.—Enter MADAME BIRMAN, from the House, R. S. E.

Mad. B. Here, Babet !—Guerl ! Where are you all ? Why don't you set out the table in the great hall ?

Enter GUERL, with pots, R. 3d E.

Do you go to the cellar and fill the pots with beer.

Enter BIRMAN at the Gate, c.

Bir. [To a female servant.] Take my cloak. [To Guerl.] Lead Grizzle, and give her a feed of corn.

Mad. B. Ah ! here is my husband.

Bir. Good morning, wife !—good morning. [Gives his cloak, hat, and parcel, to Guerl and Babet.] Now, don't forget the corn. She's nothing but a good one, is that Grizzle ; she has brought me six miles in little more than half an hour.

Mad. B. Well, have you seen the bailiff? and have you got permission to alter the sign to “The Bavarian Arms?”

Bir. Yes, to be sure, I have ! I have bespoken the sign, too ; gold upon blue!—Letters two feet high ! Only you wait a bit, and I'll make this the first inn on the road to Munich. [Drawing a paper from his pocket.] There it is, you see, in black and white ;—all regular !

Mad. B. But what are those two letters you have got there?

Bir. Oh ! the courier from Weisbruch gave them to me. I met him just now. One is for your cousin Ghurt ; you had better forward it to him.

Mad. B. Well, and the other?

Bir. The other!—Oh, the other is for somebody I know nothing of. For a French captain, who is to call here for it on his journey.

Mad. B. That's very odd.

Bir. But, you see, here it is upon the letter. [Reads.] “To be left, till called for, at ‘The Golden Lion,’ on the road to Munich.”

Mad. B. It is so, sure enough. Well, you had better keep it ; and if the French captain comes, give it him.

Bir. [Putting it in his pocket.] Of course I shall. Has any one been here during my absence ?

Mad. B. An elderly gentleman, whom I take for a merchant's traveller, slept here last night, and is going away presently. But, tell me all the particulars of your expedition.

Bir. First and foremost, such as you see me, I break-fasted tête-a-tête with the bailiff.

Mad. B. You don't say so.

Bir. Oh ! such wine ! such a hare-pie ! and such a nice man ! But, talking of pies—no, I mean of the bailiff—I have a piece of news for you ; news that will rejoice the whole neighbourhood.

Mad. B. Then let's have it immediately ; for I dearly love to hear news.

Bir. You know the ill-looking fellow who came into these parts about two year's ago, with his wife and little daughter, from Hungary, or Bohemia, or some other outlandish place ; a beggerly scoundrel, with scarcely a rag to his back, who calls himself Augustus, or some such fine name ?

Mad. B. Augustus ! Yes, yes, I know him very well ; but what of him ?

Bir. Well, he's going to brush——

Mad. B. What, his old rag of a coat ? I don't think it will survive the operation.

Bir. No ; he's going to brush off, to clear the country of his wretchedness.

Mad. B. Well, and so Augustus is going to leave the country ?

Bir. He's a whole year in arrear with the rent and taxes of his hovel. This is a good excuse for turning him out of it ; and, as it is not likely any one of the village will give him house-room, why, you see, to-morrow morning he must quit the place a houseless vagabond.

Mad. B. And a good riddance, too. But then his poor wife, and his little girl !

Bir. Oh ! they must all tramp together. It is a settled thing. I saw the order on the stamped paper ; and a very good job for us, I can tell you ; for, since that scapegrace has lived upon the mountain, it is as bad as if it was infested by a troop of wolves. Nobody will go of an evening on the Kleinfield road. All our customers clear off before sunset, for fear of meeting the man of the mountain. I'm sure it cuts me out of the sale of twenty pots of beer a-night ; and then, on a Sunday or holiday, if he passes the house, or comes in and calls for half a pint, see how everybody avoids the table where he sits. It is just as if he carried a malediction with him.

Mad. B. And those are your liberal opinions, Mr. Birman : you always fall in with the general cry. Not more than a week ago, I went into his very hovel.

Bir. Then you're a bold woman, Madam Birman.

Mad. B. Oh ! he was not there : I went to see his poor wife and child. Such a scene of distress ! my heart bleeds still for them. I could not help giving them a florin.

Bir. Then you did very wrong, Madam Birman.

Mad. B. I beg your pardon, Mr. Birman ; they were without bread.

MUSIC.—Enter several Peasants, centre gates, and sit at the tables, R. and L.

Pea. Come, come, madam, some beer.

Mad. B. Directly, gentlemen, directly ; and here's nobody to serve. Why, Guerl, I say !

Enter GUERL, L. 3d. E.

Guerl. Coming, mistress, coming.

[*He serves the customers.*

Bir. You shall be served directly, gentlemen. Quick, a pint to every one.

MUSIC.—Enter several other Peasants, c. gates.

[Exit Birman into the house, R. S. E.

Enter AUGUSTUS at the back.—his appearance denotes the utmost wretchedness ; the sight of him appears to strike all with horror—they rise from their seats, and converse apart—he, advancing with a slow step, observing a vacant seat at a table, L., sits down, R. of the table—two Peasants, who were at the same table, immediately rise, and take their pot to another, R.—Augustus, absorbed, pays no attention to it—Re-enter BIRMAN, with pots of beer, R. S. E.

Bir. A little patience, worthy customers, and you shall all be served. Where have they gone to ? Why have you changed your places ? [They point out Augustus to him.] Oh ! I see, that devil of a Man of the Mountain.

Enter MADAM BIRMAN, R. S. E.—Birman points out Augustus to her.

Bir. You know I told you so a minute ago. You see how it is.

Mad. B. Poor fellow ! how pale and wretched he looks. I do think he is dying of want.

Bir. Is he, think you ? then I'll beg of him to go and die somewhere else immediately.

Mad. B. Don't speak harshly to him.

Bir. Leave me alone. Hallo ! I say, you sir ! you fellow ! here, you Mr. Augustus !

[*He rises and stares at Birman.*

Aug. What would you with me?

Bir. Why, I beg your pardon ; but it's I that would know what you want with me.

Aug. Nothing, but to rest myself on this bench.

Bir. Why, that is not much to ask ; but the table was engaged.

Aug. There was a vacant place, and I had a right to take it.

Bir. The right ! come, that's a good one. There is a pretty fellow to talk of rights. [*His wife pulls his coat.*] Oh, you let me alone. You don't think I'm afraid of such a fellow as this. As to the right, my good fellow, that's all very well if you call for something ; but if you don't, it's not quite the thing to drive away people who are spending their money.

Aug. You are not very charitable.

Bir. I don't know that, when I see occasion for it.

Mad. B. Now, don't get into a quarrel with him.

Aug. I can't spend any money, for I have none ; but I have walked far, and if you would give me a cup of water, I should be able to proceed.

Bir. He's taken it into his head to be thirsty. Now, I wonder what right people have to be thirsty who have no money in their pockets ? at least, thirsty they may remain for me.

Mad. B. He only asks for a cup of water.

Bir. And I hate to serve anybody with water, because I can't charge for it. However, I can't turn the poor fellow out of the place.

Mad. B. Give him a mug of beer and a bit of bread.

Bir. Well, I don't care if I do, for once, especially as it is for the last time ; as the bailiff means to pack him off to-morrow.

Mad. B. Then it won't hurt you to add a little meat to the bread. Make haste.

Bir. Don't be in a hurry, good man ; I'll bring you some refreshment directly. [*Exit into the house, R. S. E.*]

Aug. How can I return to my wretched home without a morsel of bread for my wife and child ! To-morrow we shall have no shelter but the rocks. [*Looks round.*] Had I met any one—

Mad. B. You appear greatly fatigued, my good man.

Aug. I have walked all night.

Mad. B. You have made a long journey, then ?

Aug. No.

Mad. B. Where have you been walking, then?

Aug. In the forest.

MUSC.—Re-enter **BIRMAN**, who places before **Augustus** a jug of beer, a small loaf of bread, and some meat.

Enter DERMONT, R. S. E., in a travelling-dress— he gazes on **Augustus** with compassion.

Bir. Here, now don't you say again that the landlord of the Golden Lion is not charitable. Eat, drink, and go your way; and may Providence protect you as you deserve its care.

Aug. Providence! [He sets down the mug he was about to raise to his mouth—recovering himself in a moment, he cuts the bread in two, and thrusts half under his coat.] For my poor family. [He eats greedily.]

Derm. [Approaching him.] Poor fellow.

Mad. B. [To Birman.] Here is the traveller who is setting out for Munich. Good day, sir; I hope you slept well, and that you are satisfied with your entertainment.

Derm. (R.) Perfectly, my good woman, I thank you, perfectly. And so, landlord, you have poor people in this part of the country?

Bir. No, thank heaven and industry, not that I know of.

- **Derm.** There is one who does not look very affluent.

Bir. Oh, him! Oh! that's a different story. He's not one of us; and is poor enough, I believe.

Derm. It should seem so. Bring me a bottle of wine. I'll drink the stirrup cup; and this poor man, I dare say, will not be loth to pledge me.

Bir. Lord, Lord, and you'd ask him to drink with you?

Mad. B. Never you mind; it's another bottle sold. Run, Babet, to the cellar—a bottle sealed with green wax; and make haste. [Exit Babet, R. S. E.]

Derm. You will oblige me by making out my little bill. [Madame Berman makes out the bill on a slate.] I wish to reach Munich as early as possible. [Aside.] After their flight from Paris, I lost sight of the wretched **Augustus** and the unfortunate **Amelia**: another voyage to the Indies prevented the possibility of intercourse. Since my return, my most diligent inquiries have obtained no better information, than that, two or three years ago, they were heard of at Munich. Thither, then, will

I seek them, and rescue, if possible, that innocent victim, my niece, from the misery which, I doubt not, her husband's wickedness has brought on her.

Enter BABET with wine and glasses, which she places on the table where Augustus is seated.

Derm. [Filling the glasses.] Taste this wine, my good fellow; it will run warmer into your stomach than your small beer there. [Holding out his glass, to hob-nob with Augustus.] May Heaven's mercy never fail to succour the unfortunate. Come, drink, my friend, drink.

[Augustus, with surprise and emotion, drinks.]

Aug. (R. of the table.) Ah! how it revives my drooping soul.

Derm. (L. of the table.) I am glad it does you good. [Fills again.] Well, here's better times.

Aug. Ay, better times! [Aside.] And to-morrow I shall have no roof to shelter me. [They drink.]

Bir. (R. C.) Now, do you know, wife, I am horribly afraid that drinking with this fellow will bring the traveller ill luck.

Mad. B. (R.) Four and two are six. You'll put me out, Mr. B.

Derm. Are you well acquainted with this country, my good man?

Aug. Perfectly, sir.

Derm. I am told there is a way to Munich much shorter than the high road.

Aug. There is, sir, over the Red Mountain: it shortens the distance by one half.

Derm. That's a considerable difference. Is it practicable on horseback?

Aug. Easily to those who know it well.

Mad. B. Here's your little account, sir, quite correct. Supper, bed, and breakfast, for yourself and your horse, eight florins, besides the bottle of wine.

Derm. Well, that's not much.

[Taking from his pocket a large purse, full of gold, which he displays on the table.]

Aug. [Looking at it with a greedy eye.] Gold!

Derm. Order them to fasten my portmanteau to my horse, if you please.

Mad. B. Immediately, sir.

Aug. [Aside.] I must wait for him—yes, I must meet

him ! No, no, he has relieved me. Let me avoid this dreadful temptation. [Rushing out at the gate, c.

Derm. Hollo ! my good fellow, don't leave me yet. I want to reach Munich early, and I have therefore resolved to take the road over the mountain. Now, if you will perform the office of guide—

Aug [Returning.] I—

Derm. You shall be well paid for your trouble.

Bir. Oh, yes, I dare say—

[*Madame Birman pulls him back.*

Aug. I be your guide ! No.

Der. Why not ? you know the way. You will earn a couple of florins ; and, as you seem to be in very poor case, it will be a tolerable day's work for you.

Aug. It will, indeed. I gratefully consent, sir.

Derm. Well, then, finish the bottle, and prepare to accompany me.

Aug. [Aside.] Heaven shield my heart from this horrible temptation !

Bir. [To *Madame Birman*.] I tell you, I must and will speak to him. I would not have it on my conscience for the world. [To *Dermont*.] I beg your pardon, sir, but—

Mad. B. [Interrupting him.] Are you mad ? Why, would you hinder this poor starving fellow of a good day's work ? What is there to fear at mid-day, and a holiday too, when all the roads are crowded ? Recollect, that to-morrow the poor wretch, with his wife and child, will be turned out of doors, without bread to eat, or a roof to shelter them. This little bit of money will enable them to quit the country, and rid us of them for ever.

Bir. Egad wife, you are in the right : I did not think of that.

Enter *GUERL* with the portmanteau, R. S. E.

Guerl. The horse is ready at the gate, sir.

[Exit at the gate, c.

Derm. Well, adieu, hostess ! Coine, my good man ; let us proceed.

Mad. B. A safe and pleasant journey to you, sir.

Bir. Ay, Heaven guard you ! Take care of yourself, and lose no time upon your journey.

MUSIC.—*Exeunt Augustus and Dermont, through the gate c. and off R., Madame Birman and Birman into the house, R. S. E.*

Enter ALBERT DERANCE from L., through the gate, c.

Alb. [Looking at a book.] The sign of the Golden Lion, on the road to Munich. Here, according to my notes, I am to stop, and gain further intelligence. Ho! house here!

Enter GUERL at the gate, c.

Guerl. Your pleasure, sir?

Alb. I wish to speak with the master of the house.

Guerl. He's close at hand, sir, I'll fetch him immediately. [Exit, R. S. E.

Alb. I shall at length reach the end of my weary journey, and finish my anxious researches! I shall again find my parents! My admirable mother; my father, who, guilty though he was, terribly expiated his errors—Fifteen years of exile, of remorse, and, I doubt not, of misery. On returning from the army, I find my uncle from home, on a journey; and, from a confidential friend of his, I receive a clue to the retreat of my father. Never can I know repose till I have found it; and the neighbourhood of Munich shall be so ransacked, that, if they remain here, I will discover them.

Re-enter BIRMAN, R. S. E.

Bir. Your servant, sir. How can I have the honour of serving you?

Alb. Are you the master of this house?

Bir. At your service, sir; and you, I perceive, are a French officer.

Alb. I expect at this inn to receive a letter.

Bir. (R.) Your name, sir?

Alb. (L.) Albert Derancé.

Bir. Then you are the man, and there's the letter.

Alb. [Snatching it.] Give it me—as it is of the first importance—[Opens it.]—the happiness of my life depends on it.

Bir. Now, by his eagerness, I guess this is some love affair.

Alb. [Reading.] "After making every possible inquiry in Munich I have ascertained that such persons as you describe

did live there; they were turned out of the city for dishonest practices—and, I have learned, are concealed somewhere in the environs, in a state of the most abject poverty.” My friend, I presume you are well acquainted with the inhabitants of this country.

Bir. Know ‘em all to a man.

Alb. Can you call to mind a man of about fifty-five years of age, poor in the extreme, and courting concealment.

Bir. Zounds, that seems very like—what is his name?

Alb. If he has not changed it, Augustus.

Bir. Augustus! he is a shortish man of a dark complexion.

Alb. You know him, then?

Bir. Oh! I’m not proud at all of his acquaintance, I promise you. I don’t reckon him amongst my friends, I assure you.

Alb. Speak no ill of him. If it is the same, he is married—do you know his wife?

Bir. Oh! she’s a very different sort of person; I believe she’s a very good woman.

Alb. [Aside.] My poor dear mother, and shall I then see her again.

Bir. He seems affected.

Alb. Do you know the spot where they live?

Bir. A league hence, half way across the Red Mountain, in a wretched hovel built amongst the ruins of an ancient chapel on the edge of a precipice.

Alb. I fear, then, that their situation is very miserable.

Bird. Why, to tell you the truth, it can’t well be worse; unless they think so to-morrow, when, bad as it is, they must turn out of it. It’s not many minutes since the very man was here. [Stage darkened gradually.

Alb. Here!

Bir. Upon this very table I gave him a bit of bread for charity; he left this place just before you entered it, as guide to a traveller, [Aside.] and heaven send he may faithfully fulfil his office. [Ruin, lightning, and thunder.

Alb. You will to-morrow prepare the best rooms in your inn for the reception of myself and family.

Bir. Your family, sir!

Alb. [Giving a purse.] Take in advance a compensation for your trouble. You will now have the kindness to direct me to the Red Mountain, and to the hut of Augustus.

[Thunder.]

Bir. The hut of Augustus! mercy on us, sir, and then see what a storm is coming on. Besides, you have not taken anything to eat.

Alb. Give me what information you can at once; every moment's delay is torture to me.

Enter MADAME BIRMAN, R. S. E.

Mad. B. Dear, dear, what a storm!

Alb. How long do you intend to detain me, good sir? or will you show me the way at all?

Mad. B. Why the gentleman, for sure, will never pursue his journey in such a storm as this.

Alb. Did the lightnings rend the rocks in shivering fragments about my head, it should not prevent me from my sacred duty.

[*Music.*—*Exeunt Albert through the gate, c., Madame Birman and Birman into the house, R. S. E.*

SCENE II.—*The Interior of the miserable Hut of Augustus on the Red Mountain—a curtain of ragged serge partially concealing a truckle-bed, R.—a door, L. F.—a window in the flat, R., giving a view of the surrounding country—a rude table and chair—thunder, lightning, and rain.*

MUSIC.—Enter AMELIA, L.

Ame. The storm increases—the wind shakes this sorry shelter, and Augustus has not been home since yesterday! He has found no work—no assistance—no resource! Should he not come to-night—should he not bring bread—what is to become of me and my child? [*Thunder.*] The storm approaches the mountains! It will awaken my child. [*Looking off, L.*] She still sleeps! Heaven prolong thy sleep, dear child! and spare thy mother the agony of hearing thee cry to her for that bread which she has not to bestow. But it is not tears that nature asks of me; let me endeavour to finish this work, and if Augustus bring no succour, I will hasten to sell it at the neighbouring village. [*Sitting down to work, R. C.*] Oh! if heaven had decreed that my entire life should pass in this wretchedness, would it have ordained me to be twice a mother? Ah! Albert, at least, is happier. Ah! am I ever to see him again?

[*Music.*—*The storm rages with violence—the wind bursts the ramshackle door, L. F. off its hinges, and it falls into the hut*—Amelia utters a cry.

Enter AUGUSTA, in alarm, L. rushing to her Mother.

Au. Mother!—Mother!

Ame. My child! It's nothing, Augusta, but the wind, that has blown down the door.

Au. Oh! mamma, I was so frightened.

Ame. Your father, my dear, will repair the door as he has before.

Au. Is papa come back, mamma?

Ame. No, child. Merciful heaven! she will ask for bread.

Au. Don't cry, mamma, I will wait patiently, as you do.

Ame. Dear infant!

Au. I don't want to go to sleep again, mamma; let us both work.

Ame. [Sitting down again.] Right, right, dear Augusta! I must make haste. Come, Augusta, dear, courage, my love!—Work with me.

Au. [Sitting on her stool.] Yes, I will have courage, mamma, but I can't work.

Ame. Why not, child?

Au. I am so cold, mamma.

Ame. [Throwing down her work.] Gracious God! and how am I to shelter thee? Come, come to me, my child, and I will warm thee on my bosom? [Noise without.] Ha! some one approaches! Do they come to our assistance?

Au. [Running to the door, L. F.] It is papa, mamma!

Ame. Ah!

Enter AUGUSTUS, D. F., with a basket of provisions.

Ame. (R. C.) Ah! I am so glad you are returned.

Au. (C.) I have been so afraid, papa.

Aug. (L.C.) Afraid!—of what?

Au. Of the storm, papa.

Ame. But what has happened to you, Augustus?

Aug. Happened to me! what should happen?

Ame. You were from home the whole of last night.

Aug. True; but nothing has happened.

Ame. I rejoice to hear it; we have been most impatiently expecting you; have you obtained any relief?

Aug. [Pointing to the basket.] Don't you see what I have brought?

Ame. All-gracious providence! what generous being

has bestowed this succour?—Perhaps, to your labours, or your entreaties, we owe it. Come, Augusta, come and bless the benignant hand that—

Aug. (R.) [Shuddering and repulsing her.] Thank nobody! [Amelia, in astonishment, leads the child from him and lays the cloth.] Make haste!—I am overcome with fatigue!—a burning thirst devours me?—My blood boils in my veins!—Make haste, I say!

[Draws his chair to the table.]

Ame. All is ready! You are, indeed, quite overcome! you must have suffered much.

Aug. Suffered! but what matters?—we will want nothing to-day! Let us be joyful—happy! Fill me some wine!—it will restore my strength!

[Amelia fills for him—he puts it to his lips, but suddenly sets it down again, and rises from the table.]

Ame. You take nothing, Augustus, and yet you said but now—

Aug. Yes, I am thirsty. Augusta, bring me a glass of water.

Ame. Take this to your father.

Aug. Here, papa? [Hands him the water—he drinks and returns the glass.] Oh! papa, you have hurt yourself!—There is blood upon your hand.

Aug. [Dreadfully agitated.] Blood!

Ame. [Surprised.] How is this, dear Augustus?—You are wounded!

Aug. No, it is nothing; in climbing up the rocks I slightly wounded it. I am cold; make some fire.

Ame. And, with what?

Aug. Oh! we have no fuel; no matter, be of good cheer;—our fortune is changed;—we are going to quit this wretched hovel!

Ame. What mean you?

Aug. Have I not told you that our fortune is changed? To-morrow we will seek some great city—Vienna, Hamburg, or Berlin.

Ame. Still further from France, and further from my son.

Aug. It must be so. Our son is lost to us; your uncle has, no doubt, taught him to curse us.

Ame. But how can we go far without resources?

Aug. Are not your wants supplied for the day? And, see—I have gold! [Shows money.]

Ame. Ah! gracious providence! who has given thee this fortune?

Aug. [Pause.] I——I found it.

Ame. [Terrified.] Found it!

Aug. One half of this sum will enable us to reach a great city, and with the other half——Fortune is not always adverse; she has smiles, enriching smiles, as well as fatal frowns. Let me but find a place where gold abounds, and I will soon recover opulence and consideration.

Ame. Again you would visit the gaming-table!

Aug. Silence!—Some one approaches!—Conceal the provision!—Don't say I have gold!

[*Amelia is hastily endeavouring to conceal what is on the table.*

Enter *WARNER*, at the door, L. F., covered with rags, and carrying a beggar's wallet and staff.

War. [Advancing.] Kind lady—good gentleman, bestow your charity on a poor mendicant.

Ame. It is only a beggar.

Au. And he seems very, very poor, mamma.

Aug. Send him about his business;—let no one enter here.

Ame. Let us take pity on him; we ourselves are but a few degrees less wretched; and he, perhaps, is less deserving of his misery.

Au. Let me give him a bit of bread, papa; it is so painful to be hungry!

Aug. No; I forbid you!

[*Augusta runs to her mother frightened.*

War. You are an unfeeling man!—Your wife is more compassionate, and heaven will bless her for it. [Gazing attentively on *Augustus*.] What do I behold? [Recognizing him.] It is himself!

Aug. & *Ame.* Warner!

War. Derancé!

Aug. [Seizing a woodman's axe.] Wretch! 'tis hell itself delivers thee up to my revenge! [Music.—He endeavours to cleave his head.] Die! monster, die!

[*Warner defends himself with his stick, and Amelia and Augusta interpose.*

Ame. Hold! I conjure you, *Augustus*!—Shed no more blood—you know the wretchedness it has before entailed on us. Behold this miserable man!—Heaven, you see, has punished him as well as us. See how bitterly murder must be expiated

Aug. Murder !

[*Music.*—He drops his weapon and turns aside—the child picks it up, and hides it, R. E.]

War. [*Coolly.*] Always violent and furious. Had not your wife been more reasonable, there's no knowing what might have happened. Now, what would you have gained by seeing me stretched out here? I have not behaved altogether handsome to you, I confess. [*Amelia makes signs to him to be silent.*] But time effaces every thing; and, as the lady has said, though you have cause to reproach me, fortune has taken upon herself to avenge you. After fifteen years of misfortunes, chance has again brought us together—one nearly as miserable as the other. Follow my example; forget the past. Give your hand to your old comrade; and let us consult together on the means of mastering our evil destiny. [*Augustus sits, L., and takes his child on his knee.*] Fate has thrown me in the way of an old companion; if you will—a friend.

Ame. A friend! And can you thus blaspheme a tie so sacred?

War. Preaching, my good lady, is quite out of season now; in my situation, I cannot listen to it. I am dying of cold and hunger; I ask shelter for the coming night only; and, if Augustus still retains his enmity, to-morrow morning I will take my staff and wallet, and set off again.

Ame. Augustus?

Aug. Consult your pity.

Ame. Remain, sir. Come, Augusta.

[*Exeunt Amelia and Augusta, L.*

War. [*Laying down his staff and wallet.*] Oh! I don't want people to keep me company. However, as you have granted me hospitality, I suppose I am welcome to the remains of your meal. [*Seats himself, R., Augustus remains seated, L.*] Zounds! it should seem you are not so poor as you look. Excellent wine! Just what I wanted to recruit my strength. How sulky you sit there. Come, drink with me, at least. You refuse. Do you still, then, retain the desire of vengeance?

Aug. No: one word, that you cannot comprehend, has disarmed me. I have no wish for revenge—perhaps, no right; but Amelia, she has the right both to hate and despise you.

War. Why, that's true; but yet it is provoking and unfortunate, especially for you.

Aug. For me !

War. Unless you have other resources. [Keeps eating and drinking.] As for me, a little more patience and perseverance. Let me but get a chance, one opportunity—and that may happen one day—and my fortune is made.

Aug. How ?

War. I have discovered a secret.

Aug. A secret !

War. Yes, my friend ; it is no longer an error, no more a delusion ; I have found the key to the grand calculation, by which one may always make sure of winning. [Augustus starts.] Yes, I am certain of breaking all the banks in Italy ; and I am now on my road to Piedmont.

Aug. Is it possible you have made this invaluable discovery ?

War. I have ; and I would not sell it for a million.

Aug. And you were disposed to impart it to me ?

War. Yes : I thought I owed you some reparation for former injuries ; but I find your enmity too deeply rooted to render our association possible.

Aug. The first emotion has passed.

War. Ay, I understand ; but your wife's antipathy—

Aug. I can silence that.

War. But there's another obstacle, that renders our secret for the present useless—the want of money. And I suspect you are not much better off in that respect than I am.

Aug. Perhaps you are mistaken.

War. How ?

Aug. [Showing gold.] See here !

War. You have gold ! my friend, we must make a partnership affair of it. But is that all you possess ?

Aug. Is not that enough ?

War. Certainly not.

Aug. How unfortunate !

War. How did you procure that ?

Aug. [Agitated.] I cannot tell you. But, remain here, and—What noise was that ?

War. Nothing ; or only your wife and child in the adjoining room. You say, then—

Aug. By paying the arrears of taxes, I can remain here a little longer ; and, in the course of a day or two—

War. No, no ; I do not approve of this arrangement.

I will remain with you, but not here; at least, not longer than to-morrow morning; and that only because the weather is too bad to travel to-night.

Aug. The hut is miserable enough, to be sure; but I have lived in it two years, and you might—

War. It is not for that reason; but I am a stranger, without passport or papers, liable to be apprehended as a vagrant, or to be suspected of any crime that is committed in the country. As I journeyed hither, I left the main road to shorten the way by a bye path; there, behind a projection of rock, I observed a heap of earth, shells, and fragments, piled up; and this heap I had the curiosity to disturb with the end of my staff, when I beheld—

Aug. [Agitated.] Silence!

War. You know, then—

Aug. You have discovered all?

War. Yes.

Aug. Come, come along, then; the night is dark;—assist me to conceal more effectually—

War. Then it was you?

Aug. It was misery—it was despair. Come, come, come, let us hide it. [Warner takes up his bug and staff.]

Enter AUGUSTA with a light, L.

Au. Here is a light, papa.

Aug. I do not want it; we are going out. If your mother asks whither, say, to—to—to the Hermitage.

[Music.—*Exeunt Warner and Augustus, D. F.*

Au. They have left me alone; and the storm is coming on again. I will call my mother. [Going, L.]

Enter ALBERT DERANCE, D. F.

Au. Ah! a stranger?

Alb. Don't be alarmed, my good girl; but tell me, is this the road to the Red Mountain.

Au. Yes, sir.

Alb. And this, then, is the abode of Augustus?

Au. Yes, sir; it's the only dwelling on all the mountain.

Alb. This, then, is the wretched asylum of his despair! Tell me, my good girl, where the master of the house is.

Au. He has just left it, sir.

Alb. And my—I mean, his wife?

Au. Oh ! [Pointing, L.] My mother is in that room.

Alb. Your mother ! Is it possible ? And are you the daughter of Augustus ?

Au. Yes, sir ; and I am called Augusta.

Alb. [Kissing her.] Dear little innocent !

Ame. [Without, L.] Augusta !

Au. There—there's mamma calling me.

Alb. [Aside.] My dear, my honoured mother ! But, no ; I will not yet discover myself ; she has suffered so much, she must be cautiously prepared for the happiness which yet awaits her. Oh ! she is here !

Enter AMELIA, L.

Ame. A stranger here ! Where is your father, Augusta ?

Au. He is gone to the Hermitage, with the poor beggar man.

Ame. To the Hermitage ! There, go into the next room. [Exit Augusta, L.

Alb. [Aside.] We are alone. Can I resist ?

Ame. I am surprised, sir, that a gentleman of your appearance should stop at our hovel.

Alb. A powerful motive, madam, induces me to do so. I presume you do not recollect me ?

Ame. Have we, then, ever met before, sir ?

Alb. Yes, madam, far from here ; and at a time when you were more happy.

Ame. Happy ! alas ! sir, I never was so.

Alb. Never ! It was in France, madam.

Ame. In France ! Ah ! yes, I was then happy ; for I had my son. But how does it happen—is it possible—it is so long since. You appear affected, sir—you seem to apprehend—Are you from France, sir ?

Alb. I am, madam.

Ame. Oh ! my dear, dear country !

Alb. And bring you intelligence from one, who—

Ame. From my son ? Ah ! does he still live ? You have, perhaps, seen him. Merciful Heaven ! perhaps you are—You are—Those tears—For Heaven's sake, do not trifle with my feelings, if you would not see me expire before you.

Alb. I had intended to be more cautious ; but I can no longer resist. This son, for whom you weep ; this son, who still so tenderly loves you, is—Ah ! my dear, dear mother !

Ame. [Rushing into his arms.] 'Tis he ! 'tis he ! It is my long-lost child !

Alb. My dear, my honoured mother, I come to end your woes—to bring you happiness and fortune !

Ame. Ah ! I want nothing now. I have my son, and I am happy. You will not leave me again ?

Alb. Never, dear mother, never !

Ame. But how could you trace us to this remote retreat ?

Alb. The details were too tedious for a moment like this. My uncle has been to me more than a father : I am now not only his declared heir, but already gifted by him with a noble estate, which shall now be yours, dear mother.

Ame. But here is another. Augusta, Augusta, dear ?

Enter AUGUSTA, L.

Au. Here, mamma.

Alb. Do not tell her yet ; I will first make her love me.

Ame. Come here, child. [Albert kisses her.] Now I am indeed happy.

Alb. Yes, yes, we shall be all happy. I am well provided for the present. In this pocket-book I have a thousand pounds. But I carry a treasure a thousand times more valuable—my father's pardon.

Ame. Then we shall again revisit France ?

Alb. Yes, without danger. Oh, how impatient I am to see my father.

Ame. Yes, yes, dear Albert, you shall see him immediately. [She goes towards the door, but suddenly returns, as if in thought.] Albert, your wishes shall be gratified : I go to seek your father.

Alb. You are going out : then I will —

Ame. Not so, my son, I entreat you.

Alb. Mother, I obey you.

Ame. A few moments, and I am with you again.

[Exit, D. F.]

Alb. [To Augusta.] Can you procure me materials for writing, my dear ?

Au. Oh ! yes, to be sure, sir; and a light, too. [Exit, L.]

Alb. I must write a line to the landlord of the Golden Lion, to procure me a chaise : the first passenger will take it to him. [Taking papers from his pocket.] I must also arrange the important papers which secure the happiness of my father.

Enter AUGUSTA, with a light and writing materials, L.

Au. Here is a light, sir, and all the implements of writing. In that room it is not so cold ; the wind don't come in, and you will not see the lightning.

Alb. And you, my dear?

Au. Oh ! I'll take my frame and work, and sit down beside you. [Albert takes the light, inkstand, &c., and exit, R.] Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! how cold it is ; and how it thunders. I should be frightened to death if I were left alone. Oh, here's my father !

Enter AUGUSTUS and WARNER, D. F.

War. [Perceiving Albert's hat.] What's this ?

Au. Don't make a noise.

Aug. Why not ?

War. [Seeing gold.] Gold !

Au. Because you would disturb the strange gentleman.

Aug. A strange gentleman !

Au. See, he is there, writing.

War. [Drawing him to the table.] See here !

Aug. What can it mean ? Does it belong to the stranger ?

Au. No ; he gave it to me.

Aug. Given you all that ! He must be rich, then.

Au. Oh, yes, very rich ! he's got a thousand pounds there, in that pocket-book, that you see lying beside him. He told mamma so.

Aug. Where is your mother ?

Au. Gone to the Hermitage, to look for you.

Aug. Alone ! then I must—

War. Presently. [To Augusta.] Do you stand by the road-side there, under the shelter of the mountain. As soon as you see your mother returning, come and tell us.

Au. You had better go and meet her.

War. Do what you are bid—your father wishes it ; and don't return till your mother comes. [He puts her out, L.] Augustus, what were we saying just now, as we left that old oak tree ? Did not we agree to remain together till some opportunity occurred ? and we resolved never to let one escape ; and, when we had money enough, to go into Italy, and put my plan into execution. Well, Augustus, the opportunity is before us

Aug. I do not understand you.

War. You do, Augustus ; you understand me per-

fectly. Look at our rags; think of what I have proposed; and reflect what a thousand pounds might do for us.

Aug. Silence! silence that devil's tongue, that would work upon my misery and my despair; its voice already makes my heart throb nigh to bursting. The fires of hell are in your words, and have penetrated into my bosom. Begone!

War. Be a man, Augustus, and listen to me.

Aug. I will not listen to you; for you would render me a demon. Have I not committed three murders? See I not now before me the livid corpse we have just endeavoured to conceal? Hear you not the last groan of the innocent Rodolphe! the dying curse of my father? What more would you have?

War. Augustus! listen to me. You are mad—you are raving.

Aug. I know what you would have: you would have me assassinate this stranger.

War. It is night—he is alone—a thousand pounds! No one knows that he has been here.

Aug. Amelia.

War. You can tell her that you sent him away. His mangled corse at the foot of the precipice—the dark night—the dreadful storm—the almost impracticable road—who could lay it to our charge?

Aug. I cannot strike—my veins are frozen.

War. Coward! is he more to be feared than the other traveller?

Aug. I tell you that the chill of death has paralysed my heart.

War. Then be it mine to strike the blow. [Taking up a knife.] If I need assistance, you must come to me.

[Exit, R.]

Aug. Eternal Heaven! will not thy avenging thunders now strike to save the innocent, to punish guilt like ours? [A scuffle without, R., and two pistols fired.]

Re-enter WARNER, hastily, R.

War. Help! help me! he is armed. No, I am not wounded. His weapons are useless; and he shall pay for his attempt. [Returning to the door.] Ha! he's gone—he escapes—by the window. It must not be; he will betray us, and our ruin is inevitable. Come,

Augustus, come. He must be pursued — overtaken. His accusing voice must be silenced for ever. Come, madman, come. [Music.—Exit, dragging Augustus off, D. F.

SCENE III.—*A Ravine, running between a tremendous range of rocky precipices—an old Oak Tree near R. S. E., which, by fragments at the top, is seen to be hollow—the moon struggling through a stormy sky—the storm rages terrifically—thunder, lightning, and rain.*

MUSIC.—ALBERT rushes in from the back, c.

Alb. Who can the monster be that has attempted my life ; and under the roof of my father? He has another ruffian with him. They pursue me with inveterate fury. My pistols are discharged, and I am totally unarmed : they seem powerful and ferocious. How shall I escape their rage ? They are close upon me—blood is in their very looks. My father, perhaps my mother, have already been their victims, and I am powerless to avenge them, or save myself. Ah ! perhaps this hollow tree may afford concealment till they have passed, and I may regain some habitation. [He is about to approach the tree, when a thunderbolt strikes it, and shivers it to atoms—the corpse of Dermont falls from it.] Eternal Heaven ! what do I behold ! a human body concealed in the tree. This, then, is the region of assassination. But Heaven begins to reveal, and will shortly punish, their crimes. [He stoops to examine the body.] Those features—this ring. Gracious God ! it is my revered uncle. [Falls.

Enter AMELIA, from the back.

Ame. No, no, they shall not harm thee ; first shall they tear this feeble body piecemeal, ere their cruel daggers shall strike my son.

Alb. Here, mother, here, see who has been their victim. My honoured uncle, doubtless, like myself, in search of you, resolving to relieve your miseries.

Ame. Almighty Providence ! when is this fell career of crime and blood to cease ? But, no, no, he shall never bedew his hands in the blood of—

Alb. They are here, mother ! I will defend you while I have life.

MUSIC.—Enter WARNER and AUGUSTUS, armed with knives, from the back.

Aug. Amelia here :

War. Her presence must not now be heeded—he must die.

[They seize Albert, and force him from her embrace—*Augustus* is about to strike with Warner, when *Amelia* rushes between them.]

Ame. No, no; blood-stained monsters as you are, add not the murder of your own son—

War. I care not if he were mine; my life is in his power—he shall die.

Aug. No, monster, no; this sacrifice I will not permit. Nature is not quite dead in me. The father will protect the son. [Stabbing him.] Die thou!

[Chord.—He dies.]

Ame. At least, thou hast preserved thy child. But this corpse—it is my uncle's. It has been seen by the police.

Aug. Ah! before we had concealed it?

Ame. And soldiers come to apprehend you. Fly, fly! Ah, 'tis too late!

Numerous Peasants, Soldiers, &c. appear at the back—they surround the place, R. and L.

Aug. The long-delayed, the greatly-merited hour of my punishment is at length arrived. Shall I permit my virtuous son to be irremediably disgraced, by my death upon a scaffold? No; there is yet a remedy for that. Unfortunate beings! whose existence I have cursed, do not pity me: I have merited this chastisement. My son, as you would avoid my crimes, my dismal fate, shun gaming. Dear *Amelia*, pardon: your virtues will obtain their recompense; your prayers, perhaps, the mercy of the Eternal for the guilty. I come to meet my punishment.

[Music.—Stabs himself—a general picture of surprise and horror—the curtain falls.]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

PEASANTS.

SOL. AME.

BODY OF AUG.

PEASANTS.

ALB. SOL.

R.]

[L.]

THE END.

